### VOLUME XVII.-NUMBER 48.1

#### Choice Loetry.

#### IN A GARRET. BY MES. SELECABETH ANDERS ALLEN, ("PLOMENCE PRICE.")

- This realm is sucred to the silent past.

  Within its drowsy shades are treasures rare,
  Of dost and dreame—the years are long, since last
  A stranger's foot-fall pressed the creaking stair.
- This room no housewife's tidy hand disturbs
- Here stores of withered roots and leaves repose.
  For fancied virtues prized in days of yore—
  Gathered with thoughtful care, maybap by those
  Whose earthly ills are healed for evermore.
- Here shy Arachne winds her endless thread.
- And weaves her aliken tapestry unsech. Veiling the rough bewn timbers overhead, And looping gossamer festions between.
- Along the low joists of the sleping roof. Moth-exten garments hang, a glosmy row. Like tall, fantastic glosas which stand aloof. Holding grim converse with the long ago.
- Hers lie remembrancers of childish joys— Old fairy-stories, conned and conned again; A cradic, and a heap of battered toys, Beloved by babes who now are bearded men.
- Here, in the Summer, at a broken pane, The yellow wasps come in, and burz and build A mong the rafters—wind and snow and rain All enter, as the geasons are fulfilled. This mildewed chest behind the chimney, holds Old letters, stained and nibbled—faintly show
- The fided phrases on the tattered folds.

  Once kissed, perhaps, or tear wet—who may know
- I turn a page like one who plans a crime, And lo! love a prophecies and sweet regret A treas of chestnot hair—a love-lorn rhyme, And fragrant dust which once was violets.
- I wonder if the small, sleek mouse, that shaped His Winter nest between these ragged beams, Was happier that his bed was lined and draped With the bright warp and woof of youthful dre-
- Here, where the gray, incessant spiders spin.
  Stronding from view the ammy world outside,
  A golden humble-bee hus binnedered in.
  And lost the way to liberty, and died.
- So the lost present drops into the past; So the warm living heart, that leves the light,
- Faints in the unresponsive darkness vast, Which hides Time's buried mysteries from sight.
- Why rob these shadows af their sacred trust? Let the thick colories hide the day once mor Leave the dead years to effence and to dust. And close again the long-unopened door.

#### THE GLASS ON THE WALL

- Long years had it hung in the ducal hall, In its antique frame on the caken wal! Many bright faces had gazed therein. And faces dark with the impress of sin: Tears of sorrow and smiles of mirth. The glass on the wall had mirrored forth.
- The high-born dame had blushed with pride
- The high-born dame had blushed with pride, As she saw ber charms in the mirror wide; The pure white brow of the maiden fair. And the stern, dark knight were reflected there; And many a tale may the glass on the wall Tell of days by gone in Argyle's hall. For every year, when the holy bright
- For every year, when the holy bright Is woven in weeths on the Christmas night, Visions word and wild are seen By those v he gaze in the glass, I ween; Ladies fair and cavaliers true. The glass on the wall brings back to view.
- Once more is heard the haughty tread Once move is heard the nanginy tream Of knights and mobles long since dead. Passing along in Phantem trein. Breathing with hope and tife again; All these who have dwelt in Argyle's hall, Are seen again in the glass on the wall.

#### Select Storn.

#### LOVE ON A LOG.

- "Miss Becky Newton !"
- "Will you marry me?"
- "No, I won't."
  "Very well, then, don't, that's all."
  Mr. Fred Eckerson drew away his chair, and putting his feet up on a pinzza, unfolded a newspaper. Miss Becky Newton bit her lip, and went on with her sewing. She wondered if that was going to be the end of it. She had felt this proposal coming for nearly a month, but the proposal coming for nearly a month, but the scene she had auticipated was not at all like this. She had intended to refuse him, but it was
- be done gracefully. She was to have told him to be done gracefully. She was to have contain that, though respecting his manly worth and upright character, she could never be more than an appreciative friend. She had intended to shed a few tears, perhaps, as he knell in an ago-ny of supplication at her feet. But instead, he had asked her the simple question, without any rhetorical embellishments, and on being answer-ed, had plunged at once into his newspaper, as though be had merely inquired the time of day. She could have cried with vexation.
- She could have cried with vexation.

  "You will never have a better chance," becontined, after a pause, as be deliberately turned over the sheet, to find the latest telegraphic re-
- "A better chance for what?" she asked short-
- "A better chance to marry a young, good looking man, whose gallantry to the sex is only exceeded by his bravery in their defense." Fred was quoting from his newspaper, but Miss Newton did not know it.
- "And whose egotism is only exceeded by his impudence," retorted the lady, sarcastically.
  "Before long," continued Fred, "you will be out of the market. Your chances are getting dimmer every day."
- "It won't be a great while before you are in-eligible. You will soon grow old and wrinkled, and—"
- "Such rudeness to a lady, sir, is monstrons." exclaimed Miss Newton, rising hastily, and flush ing to the temples.

  "I'll give you a final opportunity, Miss Becky
- "Not if you were the King of England," inter
- "Not if you were the King of England," interrapted Miss Newton, throwing down her work. "I am not accustomed to such insults, sir." And so saying, she passed into the house, and slammed the door behind her.

  "She is never as handsome as when she is in a rage," thought Fred to himself, after she had gone, as he slowly folded up his paper and replaced it in his pocket. "I was a fool to goad her so. I shall never win her in that way. But I'll have her, "he exclaimed aloud. "By heaven! I'll have her, cost what it may."

  Very different was the Fred Eckerson of the present, pacing nervously up and down the niar.
- present, pacing nervously up and down the piaz-za, from the Fred Eckerson of a few moments ago, receiving his dismissal from the woman he loved with such a caim and imperturbable exteri-or. For he loved Beck Newton with all his heart. The real difficulty in the way, as he more than half assected was not so much with himself as The real difficulty in the way, as he more than half suspected, was not so much with himself as in his pocket. Becky Newton had an insuperable objection to an empty wallet. The daughter of a wealthy Louisiana planter, reared in luxury, and the recipient of a weekly allowance of pinmoney sufficient to pay Fred's whole bills for a whole month, she had no immediate idea of changing her situation for one of less comfort and independence. Berides, it had been intimated to her that a neighboring planter of nuusually aristocratic lineage had looked upon her with covetons eyes. To be sure, he was old and ngly, but he was rich, and in her present mercenary but he was rich, and in her present mercenary state of mind, Miss Becky Newton did not desire
- to allow such a chance of becoming a wealthy widow to slip by unimproved. But, also for human nature! If Becky was really so indifferent to Fred Eckerson, why did she run up-stairs after that interview, and take she run up-stairs after that interview, and take the starch all out of her nice clean pillow-shams by crying herself into hysterics on the bed. It was not all wrath, not all vexation, sot all pique. There was somewhere deep down in Becky New-ton's heart a feeling very much akin to remorse. She was not sure that she would not one day be what she had done She had no d she could be very happy as Fred Eckerson's wife,
- after after.

  "But, then," she growing hot with the recollection, "he was so rude and insulting! I could
  never live with such a man—never!"

  When Fred Eckerson had walked off some of
  his feelings on the piazza, he concluded to take

- a look at the river. The Mississippi, which flow-ed within a few rods of the house, was at that time nearly at the height of its regular "Spring rise." Its turbid waters, rushing swiftly toward the sea, had nearly filled the banks, and in many places had broken through the levees, and floodcal the lowlands for many miles. A crevasse of this description had been made in the farther hank, nearly opposite the house, and the win-dows of the Newton mansion commanded a view of a vast and glittering inland sea, not laid down on the map. The main current of the stream here upon its coffee-colored bosom an enormous
- hore upon its coffee-colored upsom at color mass of floating timber, which was dashed along mass of floating timber, which was dashed along in the boiling floed, rendering navigation wholly impossible. The waters were still rising, and the frequent crashes far and near told of the undermining power of the current, assections of the the sandy banks succombed and disappeared, carry-ing with them the trees which overhung the stream.
- Now it happened, by a curious coincidence, that Miss Newton also resolved to look at the river. She dried her tears, and putting on her hat, slipped out by the back door, to avoid Fred, and soon found herself at the foot of a huge cottonwood tree on the bank below the house.— Throwing herself upon the grass, and lulled by the rapid flood beneath, she soon fell asleep. Had she pussessed any power of foreseeing the future, it would have been the last thing she would have done; for although it was very pleasant drop-ping a-leep there in the shade, with the soft sun-light fluttering through the leaves overhead, the awai-ening through the leaves overhead, the awai-ening was not at all to her mind. A terrible crash made chaos of her dreams; the tall cottonwood toppled and fell; and Miss Becky Newton found herself immersed in the cold flood, with her mouth full of muddy water. In a moment more somebody's arm was around her, and ment more somewody's arm was around her, and she felt herself lifted up and placed in the sun-shine, though precisely where, she was as yet too bewildered to know. Getting her eyes open at last, she found Fred Eckerson's whiskers nearly
- Where am I?" asked Becky, shivering, and looking around her.
  "You are in the middle of the Mississippi," replied Fred, "and you are in the fork of a cottonwood tree, and you are voyaging toward the Gulf of Mexico just as fast as this freshet can
- "How came you here!" "In the same conveyance with yourself, Miss Becky. In fact, you and I and the tree all came together, to say nothing of a portion of your father's plantation, which I fear is lost to him
- Becky was silent. She was thinking, not of the accident, or of their perilous position, but of her appearance when she was lying asleepon the
- grass.
  "How long were you there before this happened f" she asked.
  "As long as you were. I was up in the tree
- "You had no right to be up there," she said, coloring, "a spy upon my movements."
  "Nonsense!" he replied. You intruded on my privacy, and while you slept, I watched over you like the sweet little chern'b that sits up
- "Thank you for the service, I'm sure," she said, "You snored awfully."
- "Mr. Eckerson, remove your arm from my "Then put yours around my neck."
- "Indeed, I shall do no such thing."
  "You will fall into the river, if you do not." Becky was silent for a few moments, while the unwieldy raft whirled along in the current, rolling from side to side, and threatening every in-
- ant to turn completely over and tip them off. At last she said: "What are we to do!" "I think, now that I am started, I shall go on to New Orleans." "To New Orleans!" exclaimed Becky. "It's a
- Yes, and the chance of a free ride for such a distance is not to be neglected. You can go ashore,
- if you prefer.
  She burst into tears.
  "You are cruel," she said, "to treat me so."
  "Cruel," exclaimed Fred, drawing her closer to him quickly—"cruel to to you."

  There was no help for it, and she again relaps-
- ed into silence, quite content, apparently, to re-main in Fred's arms, and evincing now no dis-position to rebel. For once in her life she was pendent on a man.
  "I want to go to New Orleans," continued
- Fred, after a passe, "because there is a young lady of my acquaintance residing there, whom I have an intention of inviting to this neighbor-
- "If we don't go to New Orleans, and if we get safe out of this scrape, I shall write for her come, anyway."
- "I shall obtain board for her in St. Jean, which will be convenient for me as long as I remain your father's guest. I can ride over after break
- fast every morning, you see."
  "She is an intimate friend, then?" said Becky.
  "I expect to marry her before long," he re-"Marry her! Why, you-you proposed to me
- "Marry her: why, you—you proposed to me, this morning."

  "Yes, but you refused me. I told you then you would never have another chance."

  Becky was silent again. It is a matter of some doubt whether, had Fred at that moment, sitting astride that cottonwood log, with his feet in the water and his arm around her waist, proposed to her a second time, she would have accepted him or not. To be sure, a marvelous change had come over Becky's feelings, since her tumble into the river. She felt that one strong arm like that which supported her was worth a arm like that which supported her was worth a thousand old and decrepit planters, and she recognized the fact that a man who could talk so coolly and unconcernedly in a situation of such peril, was of no ordinary courage. But she was not quite prepared to give up her golden dreams. The dross was not quite washed out of her soul, and she did not yet know how much she loved Fred Eckerson. Besides, she did not half believe him.
- lieve him.

  Their clumsy vessel floated on, now root first now sideways, and now half-submerged beneath the boiling current. Their precarious hold be-came more uncertain as their frames became chilled by the cold water, and every plunge of the log threatened to cast them once more into the river. In vain Fred endeavored to attract the attention of some one on the shore. The cottonwood retained a course nearly in the mid-dle of the stream, too far from either bank to render their outeries of much avail. As it grew
- dark, their situation seemed more and more hopeless, and to Becky there appeared to be no escape from certain death, either by drawning in the darkness, or by exhaustion before day-Yet, to die in this man's arms seemed not wholly a terror. She could hardly think, if death must come, of any way in which she would rather meet it. Was it possible that she loved him, and must needs be brought within the valley of the shadow before she could know be heart? Had she loved him all along? While she was thinking about the she was the she w she was thinking about it, chilled by the night air, she fell asleep. When she awoke, the stars were out, but she was warm and comfortable, Raising her head, she found herself enveloped in Fred's coat.
- "You have robbed yourself to keep me warm.
- "You have robbed yourself to keep me
  You are freezing."
  "No, I ain't. I took it off because it was so
  awfol hot;" and, taking out his handkerchief
  with his disengaged hand, he made a pretense of
  wiping the perspiration from his brow.
  "How long have I been asleep!"
  "About three hours. We are drifting in shore
- now."

  "Shall we be saved!"

  "I don't know. Put your arms around my neck, for I am going to take mine away."

  Becky did this time as she was bid. She not orly threw her arms quickly around his neck, but laid her head upon his breast without the slightest hesitation. In the darkness, Fred did not know that she imprinted a kiss upon his not know that she imprinted a kiss upon his

### TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1874.

- The log had been gradually nearing the shore or some time, and it now shot suddenly under for some time, and it now shot suddenly under a large sycamore which overhung the bank, and trailed its branches in the brown flood. Quick as thought, Fred seized the limb above his head, and pulled with all his might. The headlong course of the cotton wood was checked; it plunged heavily, and partly turned over; its top became entangled in the sycamore, and a terrific crackling of limbs ensued. With a sudden spring Fred gained the projecting branch, dragging his clinging burden after him. In another instant the cotton wood bad broken away, and instant the cottonwood had broken away, and continued its voyage down the river, while the continued its voyage cown the five such a bent sycamore regained its shape with such a quick bound that the two travellers were very pred. pure bound that the two travellers were very nearly precipitated into the stream again. Fred, half supporting, half dragging Becky, worked his way to the trunk by a series of gymnastics that would have done no discredit to Blondin, and in a moment both had reached the ground
- "That's a business we are well out of," he said, when he had regained his breath. "Now,
- said, when he had regained his breath. "Now, where are we?"

  He looked about. A light was glimmering from a habitation behind them, a short distance from where they stood. Becky could not walk without great pain, and Fred lifted her lightly in his arms, and started for the bonse. It proved to be the dwelling of a small planter, who was not lacking in bospitality. Here their wants were quickly attended to, and under the cheering influence of warmth and shelter, Becky was soon herself again.
- cheering influence of warmth and shelter, Becky was soon herself again.

  They drove home on the following day, Fred having procured the loan of the planter's horse and chaise for that purpose, promising to return them by Mr. Newton's servants, the day after. The morning was bright and clear, and the fragrance of the orange groves were in the air. Becky, who had maintained almost utter silence Secky, who had maintained almost after stience since their escape from the cottonwood, was no less silent now. Fred himself did not appear particularly communicative, and many miles of the long ride were taken without a remark from either. It was Becky who spoke first.
- 'You have saved my life, have you not !" "Happy to do it any day," be remarked, not nowing exactly what else to say. "I thank you very much."
- "I thank you very much."
  "Quite welcome, I'm sure."
  There was another silence, broken only by the sound of the horse's hoofs upon the road. Fred himself seemed to have lost some of his habitual case, for he kept his whip in constant motion, and held the rein nervously.
  "Fred!"
- "Are you going to write to that young lady in New Orleans!"
- "I s'pose so."
  "Hadu't you-better try again-before you He turned his eyes full upon her, and opened
- them wide.

  "Try again; try what!"

  "I've been thinking through the night," said Becky, bending low, to hide her face, and carefully separating the fringe of her mantilla, "that—perhaps—if you asked me again the same question—that you did yesterday morning—I might answer a little different."

  Becky's head went against Fred's shoulder, and her face became immediately lost to view. "You darling!" he exclaimed, "I never intended to do otherwise. The young lady in New Orleans is wholly a myth. But when, may I ask, did you change your mind?"

  "I never changed it," she marmared; "I have loved you all the time, but I never knew it until last night."
- til last night. And to this day, when Mrs. Becky Eckerson is asked where it was she fell in love with her hus band, she answers, "on a log!"

#### Miscellany.

#### DO YOU REMEMBER, BROTHER!

- Do you remember, brother mine, Our orchard old and gray; The apple trees we used to climb, To watch the birds at play! Those apple trees! those apple trees! Their very names are dear; And now the music of the breeze A mid their boughs I bear. I'm sure you must remember these, The apple, pear, and cherry trees.
- The dear old brook;—bow well I know The stones we used to cross, When to the hill beyond we'd go, To gather flowers and moss. I'm sare you must remember still, The pasture-brook and pine-grove hill.
- The pasture brook and pine-grove nill.

  Do you remember, brother dear,
  The school-house, quaint and brown?
  The ferule, which we used to fear
  More than the master's frown?
  The maple grove, the school-house near,
  I see in fancy now;
  Its nestling murmor greets my ear,
  Its coolness fans my brow.
  I'm sure you must remember, love,
  The school-house and the maple grove.
- Brother, do you remember now,
  The cot where we were born;
  The homestead cottage, brown and low The cost where we were corn;
  The homestead cottage, brown and low,
  'Mid fields of waving corn?
  I see our home—its kitchen hearth,
  So very large and wide;
  I hear the free and careless mirth
  That bleased our own fireside.
  Months, years are fied, and stranger feet
  Now press the kitchen floor,
  And strangers round the fireside meet—
  How changed since "days of yore!"
  Brother, you must remember well.
  The homestead where we used to dwell.

#### PERISHABLE FAME.

- It is remarkable how many authors there are who were prominent before the war, and who are now almost, if not entirely, forgotten. Charles Fenue Hoffman, once a very popular Charles Fenno Human, is supposed to have been dead for some years. He would better have been, for he has long been ap inmate of a limitic asylum in Penusylvania, and is unquestionably
- Herman Melville has sunk into oblivion in the Herman Melville has sunk into oblivion in the castom-house, where he performs routine duties, and has no further creative capacity. No man was ever more uneven in his performances. His first two books of travel and adventure, Typee and Amoo, are among the best kind printed; while later volumes were far below mediocrity. His Confidence Man is one of the stupidest books published in this generation. It has not a single redeeming trait, and it is a marvel that a mind not positively imbecile could have produced such trach.
- duced such trach.

  Carnelius Matthews, the author of Puffer Hop-Carnelius Matthews, the author of Puner Rop-kins and other works designed to be humorous, and also of several plays that had a certain rep-ntation in their day, is now the editor and pul-lisher of one or two dreary monthlies of the sam-humorous sort as his books. This is not exactly correct, for the monthlies are mostly cheap and familiar jokes rehashed, and time-honored sto-ries revamped.
- ries revamped.

  Louis Gaylord Clark, formerly editor of the Knickerbecker, and at one time a very popular writer, has a position in the custom-house, and has retired from the literary field. He occasionhas retired from the literary field. He occasionly appears in a newspaper communication; but the age has gone by him. [He died in March.] Charles F. Briggs, an associate editor of the Broadway Journal with Edgar A. Poe, and subsequently on Patam's Magazine, as well as the author of Harry Franco and other books, is one of the semi-forgotten, albeit he is still in the flesh—at present, I think, the fluancial editor of the Brooklyn Union.

  None of these men are very old, and yet they would seem to have flourished almost a century ago. They could scarcely gain the reputation
- ago. They could scarcely gain the reputation now that they did then, because we have far more culture than we used to have, and we are far more critical than we used to be. That which passed current as very clever, and even which passed current as very ciever, original, eighteen er twenty years ago, would now be deemed mediocre and sensational. Every year the public taste and capacity for appreciation improve, and, before a great while, we shall refuse to accept anything but conscientions effort and first-class work. Steadily and rapidly is literature in this country growing to be a really

literature in this country growing to be a r

#### OUR NATIONAL SUPREME COURT.

- How Cases are Decided.
- A Washington correspondent furnishes the following racy sketch of the United States Supreme Court:

  The new Chief Justice of the Supreme Court The new Chief Justice of the Supreme Court has become warm in his seat, and a considerate second opinion awards him the praise of good intentions, a sense of justice, inconsiderable prejudices, but no vast amount of capacity. That is the opinion of the Associated Justices, generally speaking. The Supreme Court was neverso harmonious as at the precent time. It never possessed so many men of nearly equal age, and that age youthful enough to develop the fullest energy and the most earnest thought compatible with legal principles.

  There was a time in Mr. Chase's term when his strong desire to reach the Presidency tinged many of the issues before the Court, and gave powerful personality and antagonism to the court
- many of the issues before the Court, and gave powerful personality and antagonism to the court coterie. The President's determination not to appoint any man on the bench to the Chief-Justiceship has dashed the hopes of several of the able gentlemen who had dreamed of the promotion. With a chastened spirit, accepting the inevitable, they are now entirely harmonized. As some of the attaches inform us, when they meet for consultation, the spectacle is enlivening no less for the wisdom put forth than for the amiability which flavors it.

  I may have omitted reference in former letters to the manner in which the Supreme Court decides cases after the Justices have passed out of observation into the cloisters of the consulting
- Imagire, then, quite a family of men, generally portly and beyond middle life, scated in an old-fashioned room in the old part of the Capitol, with the Chief Justice at the end of the table.— The Chief Justice is a solid-looking Western man with hair decidedly iron gray, in all the sense of that term, whatever it may mean. He is the moderator and suggester at the ceremony. He says: "Gentlemen, in the case of Tompkins against the Hudson Canal Company, what shall we do? Shall we deny the motion, or grant
- do? Shall we deny the motion, or grant Then, in a good-humored way, the portly Justice Clifford says something sententiously. With a twinkle in his eye the athletic Miller puts in an amendment. The Rev. Greer, who thinks God ought to be in the Constitution, interposes with a stately sentence. He is picked up in no God ought to be in the Constitution, interposes with a stately sentence. He is picked up in no time by the rather merry Bradley, of New Jersey. He illuminates the whole topic as if he did it by accident. Justice Hunt, a dainty little man, listens to the others, and puts in an interrogatory. This warms up the mercurial Field, who sails right in, and just as things are beginning to look lively the Chief Justice says: "Gentlemen, I hardly think we will come to any conclusion where there is so much controversy; so
- clusion where there is so much controversy; so suppose we put this matter over until our next Saturday consultation, when we may have arrived at some opinion. I do not know a body connected with the Gov-
- rement where there is so much humanity, good fellowship and sense of self-respect as the Supreme Court. There was a time when politics hid in the edges of the cloister. At present there is no man on the Bench with restless ambition. Many of the Justices are well-to-do. The Clerk Many of the Justices are well-to-do. The Clerk of the Court is a wealthy man, made so by the legitimate accumulation of his fees, and he has established certain members of his family in banking, and when Jay Cooke & Co. failed, the young firm of Middleton & Co. immediately leaped into their custom.

  Nicolay, well remembered for his intimacy with President Lincoln, is the Marshal of this court and in the receipt of a moderate salary.—He is reverently brooding over a classical life of Mr. Lincoln, which shall consider that kindly essence not as a monstrosity, nor as a hero mere-
- In 1826 a tribunal was re-established at Valencia. It is not my purpose to give the history of the succession, restoration, and abolition of this formidalle agency of this ecclesiastical despotism of July. It is not my purpose to give the history of the succession, restoration, and abolition of this formidalle agency of this ecclesiastical despotism in modern Europe; but it was not until the 15th of July. 18 44, that the Inquisition was finally abolished in Spain by the Cortes, displacing the old Connecl. In the year ensuing (1835), all the property of the Inquisition was confiscated for the payment of the public debt.

  The leniency of Pins VII. as compared with many of his predecessors, is admitted. But your lack, has acquiesed with Nicolay in the design of making this book.

- The hall of the House of Representatives dur-ing this session has been the scene of events of more than ordinay historical interest. At the beginning of the session there came the weird, attenuated form of the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, the cynosure of all eyes. With a grace as delicate as it was magnanimous the House accorded him the privilege, extended Southern Confederacy, the cynosure of all eyes. With a grace as delicate as it was magnanimous the House accorded him the privilege, extended only to one other, of selecting his seat, without the usual form of drawing by lot; again, when he spoke for the first time the House massed itself about him, eager to hear every word from the infirm veteran, and gave him such attention as has seldom been equalled in our Congressional halls. A few days ago the eulogy pronounced by L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi, on Charles Sumner, transfixed, as it were, every one present in the House. The Speaker sat with folded arms and gaze intent through its delivery, while a silence unbroken pervaded the chamber. All this was considered eminently proper. But to-day the other scene, the emancipated negro sitting in the Speaker's chair, presiding over the House of Representatives, while Judge Parker, of Missouri, was making an appeal in behalf of ting in the Speaker's chair, presiding over the House of Representatives, while Judge Parker, of Missouri, was making an appeal in behalf of civilizing the Indian and clevating him to citizenship—that is the seene which will make the history of the session memorable in American annals. The honor of presiding over the House was accorded to a colored representative for the first time in the person of Joseph H. Rainey, the Representative of the Frst Carolina district, who was born a slave in Georgetown in 1832. During the war he was forced to work on the fortifications of the confederates in Charleston, from whence he escaped to the West Indies, returning to his native town at the close of the war. He has been a member of Congress several times, and is highly respected by the members of this House. It was to this member that the late James Brooks went at the close of the Credit Mobilier matter and thanked him for the friendship he hal shown him during the discussion, and other
- had shown him during the discussion, and other evidences of his esteem, remarking that his con-duct challenged his admiration, and as a debt of gratitude theuceforth he would be the friend of the colored race. About six months ago, an old negro woman of this town was seized with a great longing to be able to read the Scriptures, and communicated to her friends her intention of attending the night-school for colored people, with a view of attaining this end. As she was sixty-five years old, and did not know a letter of the alphabet, the idea was regarded as an evidence of approaching imbecility, and she was laughed to scorn by all those who knew her. But this did not deter her from her purpose. She went to not deter her from her purpose. She went to school, and now, strange but true, is able to read the Bible with the utmost case and accuracy.— Shelby (Kentucky) Courant.
- A WHITEHALL groceryman marks the prices of provisions on the heads of his barrels and casks. He had a new clerk the other day who mixed things. He got the cover of the sugar barrel which was labeled "9 cents a pound" upon the lard barrel, and straightway began to sell lard at 9 cents. The sudden decline in the price attracted all the people in town, and the clerk thought he was doing a big thing until the pareprietor returned, paid him off, and told him to emigrate to Troy, where smart people were in demand.—Troy Press.
- Says the Chicago Post and Mail:

  "It has been discovered that when Mr. Nesmith, of Oregon, was so witty in the House the other day, in describing the mule as a useful animal, having uo pride of ancestry, and no hope of posterity, he forgot to give credit for the expression. It was first uttered during the war by Gen. T. L. Crittenden, of Kentucky.
- A LETTER bearing the following address passed through the Harrisburg post-office recently: "Please deliver to the man as directed below: "A man in Sprinkleburg, Fulton county, Indiana, offers any one who will get him a wife, a good cow, worth thirty dollars, and twenty cords of wood." A CINCINNATI man, who went off, the other day, with all his family excepting his mother-in-law and the house-cat, found upon his return that the animal had been talked to death, for

#### A CHEST OF GOLD.

#### THE LAND REDERMED. The Buried Bonblooms of the Mexican Enn-ditti Found is a Scantiful Valley by a Texan Baptist. BY COATES KINNEY,

- Not always shall this sacred earth lie at the Nelsob's nod; The land shall be redeemed at hist, And rendered back to God. Then each shall of the acres hold Enough to make him free; None shall courp more than his need, And none shall landless be. The system of old fendal wrong.
  That makes the people pay
  For room to live upon the earth,
  Fadre even new away;
  Ere long, the landlord shall become
  A laughter and a scoff.
  As swells the tide of human rights,
  To sweep his land-marks off.
- For man perceives the truth at last,
  Long faded in the dim—
  That record, scroll, nor perchancit writ
  fan take the land from hise.
  That nature makes a title deed.
  To each one of his time.
  In his own want; and who takes more,
  He perpetrates a crime.
- This simple truth shall turn the check Of pale starvation red,
  As over old ancestral parks
  The pauper's sheaves are spread;
  This truth shall put the gewgaws all
  Of Kingcraft under ban.
  And man shall meet his fellow on
  The common platform, Max.
- The Prince and Pessant, side by side, Shall gladsome toilers be, And grades go down the aveceping flood, Like dead wood to the sea: For, when each has his equal right, Of home upon the soil, All shall be princes of the land, Emobied by their toil!
- Philosophy shall then sublime
- Fath sort to pure desirs, Beginning even with the child Beside the Winter fire; And Poetry shall hover round, On starry Summer eves, And Song delight the happy homes,

# Glad time of earth's beatitude! When none shall heard or steal, But all mankind together work For universal weal; The warring and the evil yield The peaceful and the good; All nations taking hold of hands, In loving sisterhood.

#### THE INQUISITION FORTY YEARS AGO.

- To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune. My attention has been directed to the inquiry of your correspondent (April 30) as to the accuraor your correspondent (April 30) as to the accura-cy of a statement made by me relative to the ex-istence of the Inquisition in Spain "forty years ago." Your correspondent is right as to the effect produced by Napoleon in "breaking the backbone of 'he Inquisition" in the early part of the century, but he does not appear to give suf-ficient weight to the several attempts, more or
- less successful, of subsequent dynastics to rein-state the Inquisition both in Spain and Italy. Llorente's history, originally published in his native Spanish in 1812, translated into French in 1817, and into English in 1826, can, of course, give no information concerning events within the last forty years, since this author died in 1823, a victim to the intolerance of restored Jes itism in France. After the expulsion of the reach from Spain and the restoration of Ferdinand the Seventh, the weak and bigored King, as far as he could, reinstated "all the forms and appliances of the old despotism." (Tichnor.) An inquisitorial junta reappeared in 1825, and in 1826 a tribunal was re-established at Valencia.
- Liberated Slave in the Speaker's Chair-The
  First Negro Presiding Over the House of
  Representatives. Memorable Seenes.
  The hall of the House of Representatives during the House of Representative during the House of a pupil of the Propagands, to death; though his punishment was afterward commuted to impris-onment for life. It was as late as 1859 that the
  - offices of provincial inquisitors were abolished at Bologna and Ferrara. Though the remark which has elicited the inquiry of your courteous correspondent aimed at nothing more than to show the difference be-tween the Spain of Ferdinand and of Castelar, yet he will admit that its accuracy is sustained yet he will admit that its accuracy is sustained by historical dates. No one pretends that the Inquisition has been in operation in Spain in recent years, after the same manner as in the days of Torquemada; but what was done to Metamorau and Carrasco, during the reign of Isabel II. seven years ago, shows that its ancient spirit had not wholly died out of that distracted country. Thanks to a kind Providence, religions liberty in Spain is now secured by law. Any chronological tables, or Encyclopedia (Chambers or Appleton) will furnish the dates authenticating the above statements.

    W. A.

## Charles Sumner Among Women

- Charles Summer Among Women.

  Charles Summer lived and died a moral hero to women. Such men alone appeal to the element of worship which lives ever in the unperverted woman. Few approached sufficiently near to discover any human blemish which might marthe grand proportions of their god. To their eyes he fulfilled in person the ideal of greatness, intellectual and moral. He was cast in the mold of the Vatican Apollo. "The shape and gesture proudly eminent" were his. His passion for truth, for honor, for justice; his devotion to human freedom, scaled with his blood, commanded their moral faculties. His Greek love for beauty their moral faculties. His Greek love for beauty their moral faculties. His Greek love for beauty in its purest forms, his exquisite tastes, his won-derful culture, which had gleaned in every field of human knowledge, sufficed the æsthetic nature of the higher order of women; while the marvelous sweetness of his smile, the goutleness of his courtesy, his reverence for the finest wo-manhood, made him ever in their eyes, from first tashbood, made him ever in their eyes, from first or his courtesy, his reverence for the intent of manhood, made him ever in their eyes, from first to last, "the blamcless knight" of the ideal man. Let no woman fear to own a capacity for such worship, lest it shall be mistaken and insigndged by the vulgar for weakling sentiment. Your god may rot be a god at all; nevertheless, hold fast to your ideal of him—by so much will you bring him nearer to it. If it were possible for woman to cease to worship the sovereign in man, or for man to cease to revere the spiritual in woman, we might deplore, indeed, the speedy downfall of the race, which false prophets now delight to prophesy. Through all his public life Mr. Samner was the recipient of far-off adoring letters (in no sense to be confounded with love letters) addressed to him by his countrywomen. These letters, received from strangers whom he never met, would have made many volumes. He nambered among his personal friends and private met, would have made many volumes. He numbered among his personal friends and private correspondents ladies of the highest rank and culture abroad and of the highest gifts and most extended influence at home. Yet the woman who wailed aloud in the stormy street while she watched the receding train which bore the lifeliess form of her friend to his final home was woman—bent and old and poor—who keeps a little stand of traffic in a corridor of the Capitol.—Letter from Mrs. M. C. Ames to the New York Independent.
- A SLEIGH RIDE IN JUNE.—The present remarkable spell of continued cold weather and repeated snow storms so late in April, have set the people to examining old weather records. The following is from a record made by the late Henry R. Wendell, of Schenectady:

  Be it recorded, that posterity may know, that on June 9th, 1816, in the morning, it snowed, and that it has frozen for three nights ice a quarter of an inch thick, and the leaves are falling off the trees as they do in the fall. I was then living in the town of Niskayuna, at Alexander's Bridge, (since the building of the canal called the aqueduct), and on the afternoon of the 9th day of June, 1816, I went four miles to the city of Schenectady in a sleigh. of Schenectady in a sleigh.
- How. Mr. Nesmith, of Oregon, gave the mule a very clear and unique status when he alinded to it as "one of those useful animals that has no pride of ancestry and no hope of posterity."

- Baptist.

  Belton, Texas, April 20.—For several years past there has been a strange story published in many of the local papers of the State in regard to buried treasure in this part of the country.—About twenty miles above Belton there is a large spring, whence issues one of the most beautiful streams in the world, which, for a distance of twenty miles, meanders through a rich and fortile valley, about two miles in width, surrounded by a range of mountains, on which there are cedar brakes almost impenetrable to man. This valley is known far and near as Noland's Valley, and is celebrated for its springs of pure water, the fertility of the soil, and its many peculiarly-shaped anounds.

  About ifteen years ago an old Mexican greaser
- shaped anounds.

  About fifteen years ago an old Mexican greaser named Antonia came into this section of the country, and hired himself as a laborer to a gentleman of the vicinity. He was about fifty years of age, and one of the most eccentric individuals in the country. Every spare moment he had he was proviling around through mountain and valley, apparently in search of something, but when questioned he gave evasive replies. At that early day this country was but thinly inhabited, and the citizens were much troubled by horse thieves. The Mexican's conduct was so habited, and the citizens were mice troubed by horse thieves. The Mexican's conduct was so peculiar that the citizens began to look on him with suspicion, thinking he was a spy for some band of theeves, locating the whereabouts of the best horses, and finding gaps through the mountains to pilot the thieves in and out. He was
- frequently absent a day or two at a time, and when questioned would give very unsatisfactory answers. Suspicion with a Texan amounts to guilt, and a few of the neighbors arrested Antonia for the purpose of compelling him to divulge all he knew about the horse thieves. The party proceeded to administer lynch law. He was hanged three times, until life was nearly extinct, but not a word could be forced from him in regard to the horse thieves. When he revived sufficiently he told them the following story: He said that about twenty years ago he belonged to a band of Mexican robbers, whose retreat was about twenty miles from here, among the mont-tains on Leon river. One day, while the rest of the band were on an expedition, he and a com-rade conceived the bold design of robbing them and hiding the treasure until the robbers were
- dispersed, when they would return and get the gold. He said there were four cedar boxes, con-taining \$100,000 each, all in Spanish doubloons, taining \$100,000 each, all in Spanish doubloons, which they placed on pack mules and transported to this valley, and buried in four very peculiarly shaped mounds. His partner had been killed in Mexico at a fandango, and he had been confined in a Mexican prison until this time. He said he had been searching the valley over for the mounds where the money was concealed, but so many years had elapsed that he could not find the marks he had left to designate the place. Very few of the party placed any confidence in his narrative, and after a severe castigation he his narative, and after a severe castigation be
- was allowed to go free, with instructions to leave the country forthwith. He was never seen or heard of in this part of the country since. Your correspondent was one of the party who arrested the old Mexican, and was inclined to give some credence to the story; but to turn out and seek for money among so many mounds was like looking for a needle in a hay stack. There are but few here now who ever heard the tale, and the oldest settlers have almost let it slip from their memory.
- from their memory.

  A day or two ago a citizen of this valley was in need of some clay to danb an old-fashioned stick and-earth chimney, and as clay is a very scarce article here, he concluded to open one of the mounds, and try the earth for that purpose. He opened a hole adout three teet deep, where he found a strong cestar box with iron bands. The old Connect. In the year ensuing (1835), all the property of the Inquisition was confiscated for the payment of the public debt.

  The leniency of Pius VII. as compared with many of his predecessors, is admitted. But your correspondent must recall that this very Pontiff treasure to Belton, and deposited it in the bank covery, and the greatest excitement now pre-vails. Adventurers are scattered through the valley, with spade and pick, digging into every
  - mound and turning over every peculiarly shaped rock. The old Mexican's story is revived with a hundred variations. Some of the landowners have stationed sentinels around their premises, while the laborers are searching for the hidden The lucky finder is a man by the name Brandon, who had never heard the old Mexican's story. He has a large family, and was already in good circumstances. He is a strict member of the Baptist church, and has already given \$10,000 to the church for the purpose of building a large church and school-house in his neighborhood.—Letter to N. Y. Sun.

# Denth of a Duchess Who Was Granddaugh-ter of Charles Carroll of Carrollion. The death of the Duchess of Leeds, at Hornby Castle, Yorkshire, England, on the 8th of April, Castle, Yorkshire, England, on the 8th of April, has been announced. Louise, Duchess of Leeds, was Miss Louise Caton, daughter of Mr. Richard Caton, an Euglish merchaut, who came to this city toward the close of the last sentury, and married Mary, the eldest daughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the other daughter being the late Mrs. Robert Goodloe Harper. Mr. and Mrs. Caton had four children: Mary, who married Robert Patterson, the eldest son of the late Wm. Patterson, father of Madam Bonaparte, of this city. With him she went to England with her two sisters, Elizabeth and Louise, where they

- this city. With him she went to England with her two sisters, Elizabeth and Louise, where they were received with great kindness as the grand-daughters of Charles Carrollton of Carrollton, in the highest circles of English society. After re-turning to America, Mr. Robert Patterson died, and his widow, again visiting England for her health, became the wife of the Marquis of Well-Her sister married Baron Stafford, and Louise became the wife of Sir Felton Harvey, aid-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, upon whose death she married the eldest son of the Duke of Leeds, then Marquis of Carmarthen, who on the death of his father became Duke of Leeds, and his wife became Duchess of Leeds. The other daughter of Mr. Catou, and granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carroliton, married John Me-Charles Carroll of Carroliton, married John Me-Tavish, a Scotch gentleman residing in Canada, who subsequently made his residence in Balti-more. All these granddaughters of the signer of the Declaration of Independence were remark-able in their early years for their distinguished carriage and fascinating manners; and pre-emi-nent in this respect among them was Lady Wellesley, one of the most beautiful women of her day. Her portrnit by Sir Thomas Lawrence perpenates on canvas both her grace and sweet-ness. It was of her, while her husband was Vice-roy of Ireland, that the late Bishop of England, while tousting the last survivor of the Declara-tion of Independence, gave as his sentiment:
- while toasting the last sorvivor of the Declara-tion of Independence, gave as his sentiment: "Charles Carroll of Carrollton—In the land from which his father fled from fear, his daughter's daughter reigns as queen." None of these ladies had children excepting Mrs. McTavish, of this
- A WICKED native youth plastered a dab of mud in the ear of a little Chinaman in Springfield, the other day, and the youthful Mongol discomposedly enunciated as follows: "Hyar coggie ganak utow bi ling sing tomcow—" and more, to all of which the wicked native youth listened deferentially, and then plastered up the other ear.
- Dio Lewis, says a wicked paper, is a reasonable man about his health, baving no ambition to become an angel before his time.
- HARVARD UNIVERSITY has decided to spell the name "Shakspere," instead of "Shakspeare," as has been the custom.

### WHOLE NUMBER, 880.

- HYMN. BY CLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
  - Written for the occasion of the eulogy of Senator Sum, in the Music Hall at Boston, April 29, 1874.]
  - the Music Hall at Boston, April 29, 18
    Once more, ye sacred towers,
    Your soleum dirges sound;
    Strew, leving handa the April flower
    Occe more to deck his mound.
    A nation mourns its dead,
    Its sorrowing vuices one,
    As laracle mouarch bewed his head,
    And cried, "My son! My son!"
  - Why mourn for him!-For him
  - Thy welcome angel came.
    Ere yet his eye with age was dim,
    Or bent his stately frame;
    His weapon still was bright,
    His shield was lifted high.
    To slay the wrong, to save the rightWhat happier hour to die? Thou orderest all things well;
    Thy service's work was dono;
    He lived to hear Oppression's knell,
    The abouts for Freedom won.
    Hark! From the spening skies,
    The authem's echoing swell—
    "O, mourning Land, lift up thine eyes!
    God reigneth. All is well!"

#### REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT RACE.

- Anna, I.L., April 8.

  On the side of the road leading from Anna to the Mississippi River, six miles west of Jonesboro, has stood for ages one of those tunnil possessing so much interest to the antiquary. It differs but little from many others to be seen dispersed in various portions of South Illinois. A few days ago Major T. M. Perrine, assisted by Messrs. Mosby and Kohler, was engaged in searching for Indian relies, when the Major luckily struck his spade against a hard substance that proved to be, when exhumed, one of the rarest specimens of the past, and of a people much more intelligent than the North American savage, and of whose origin or history but little ever will be known save through these curious remains. The image is of porphyry, of a pecaliar whiteness, except on the back, where it is mottled with a blueish tinge. It weighs forty pounds, and represents a man in a sitting posture—one leg bent under, as the tailors usually sit; the other, or right leg, is drawn up, with the right arm and forearm on the outside of the leg and thigh, and the right hand supported on the knee. It is thirteen inches high as it sits, but measured in an erect posture would be twouty-five inches. ANNA, ILL., April 8.
- red in an erect posture would be twentyfive inches.

  Around the head and chin it is 16 inches; from the point of one shoulder to the other, 9 inches; arm, forearm, and hand, 11 inches. It is 8 inches from ear to ear, and across the hips is 9 inches. The head is flattened by the sculptor on its pos-terior or occipital portion, but is symmetrical in front. The features are in unison with anatomical science, and the face has a wise and pleasing expression. A caronal of marble represents the hair, and the triangular falcus, cut by the chishair, and the triangular inleas, cut by the chis-el, rinning from a point on the spine to the top of the head, is in the shape of the letter delta of the Greek alphabet, indicative perhaps of its origin. The stone looks as though rough, and has spots on it of a glistening whiteness, but to the touch is as smooth as glass. It is a curious and rare specimen of art as well as of antiquity. Its execution would have done credit to a Phi-Its execution would have done credit to a Phi-dias, and will create in the beholder the same admiration extended to the Verous made by Praxiteles for the citizens of Cos. Several rare specimens of cooking utensils, made of clay, kiln-burnt, and as true in shape as though made upon the potter's wheel of to-day, representing in their forms fish, turtles, &c., were also dug from this mound, and are now in Major Perrine's extensive and valuable collection. The most singular of these cariosities is an Indian pipe, singular of these curiosities is an Indian pipe, made of a peculiar black stone, bird-shaped, of two and one-half pounds weight. It is well excuted, and perhaps it is intended to represent the owl, from the size of the eyes, but more like-

#### ly the eagle or bird of Jupiter.

We have lately conversed with a gentleman and feelings in visiting the grave of Albert Sid-ney Johnston, who deservedly ranks in the high-est roll of military heroes. It is known that af-ter he fell in the late civil war his remains were taken to Texas and buried in the State cemetery, ter he fell in the late civil war his remains were taken to Texas and buried in the State cemetery, containing about forty acres of ground, on a bleak and recky hill-side in Austin, which is enclosed with a rough and dilapidated picket-fence, and without a solitary tree or bush to break the sad and dreary prospect, he saw the neglected graves of Albert Sidney Johnston, McCullough, Bowie and Travis, and other names dear to the hearts of the old Texans, with nothing except rough head-stones, and that at the head of the grave of the immortal Johnston, broken into two fragments. The great State of Texas may plead that since the late war she had been manacled by Federal tyranoy, and held under the serfdom of carpet-baggers, scalawags and robbers, and oppressed by poverty and negro domination, but now, since the Democrates and Conservatives and the whites have gained the State government, we hope that she will make haste to rally around the graves of their noble dead, and creet meanments which shall be at least as durable as the memories of their heroic battles. We know that the young State of Texas is largely peopled by some of the best geotlemen of the South, and we doubt not that the great chieftains of the early days of Texas will be honored in their graves, as they are revered in the hearts of their countrymen. — Paris Kentakian.

### graves, as they are revered in the hearts of their countrymen.—Paris Kentuckian,

- John Harper, of Gilpin County, Colorado, ownsed a large ranch, on which is a rich gold mine, near Central. He had been hadly embarrassed in his finances, but the proceeds of the ranch and mine had brought him through the trouble, and he was out of debt. This was about a year ago. He then committed suicide and left a large family well off. John Harper never told what made him do it. Apparently when life was just beginning to be easy and pleasant he cut off the last end of it and threw it away. One of his daughters is Mrs. David Boomert, of Longmont. Miss Mattie Harper, another, lived with her married sister. She was a young lady. There were several younger childrn. Mattle lecked herself up in her room one day and would not let Mrs. Boomert in. Then Mrs. Boomert ran to a neighbor's, and said: "Mattie has locked herself up in her room, and I'm afraid she will do something to herself." The sad end of her father was uppermost in the woman's mind. The neighbors came and looked into Mattie's room through a window, and saw her standing in one corner, with her face to the wall. The door was broken open, and Mattie was found hanging by a white woolen comfort to a clotheshook in the wall. She was quite dead. She left a letter and will, but no reason for her sudden departure from the world. She wanted her share of the estate divided between her two little sisters, and them well educated. How the shadows are settling round that family.
- There is a lady applying for a government pension who presents a family record showing that during five generations all the male members of her family, with two exceptions, have done continual service in the army or navy of the United States. She lives in Portland, Maine, and is the widow of Sewal Prince, a soldier of the war of 1812. From the time the colonial forces took the field against the Pequets down to the close of the late rebellion, her ancestors or her children have never failed to be represented on the muster rolls of the government. She certainly deserves a pension.

  A wicked native youth plastered a dab of mud in the ear of a little Chinaman in Springfield, the other day, and the youthful Mongol discomposedly enunciated as follows: "Hyar coggie ganak utom by ling sing tomeow—" and more, to all of which the wicked native youth listened deferences.
  - As old lady in Michigan is opposed to crema-tion unless the friends of the decouned hire car-riages and drive the mourners up to the fair grounds and back.
  - SOMEBODY says that Americans have a nation al dread of water. He refers to the perils of nav